

# MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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Will Women Ever Run The Country?

By Charlotte Whilton







# No Red Tape on this Instalment Plan!



Just as fast as humanly possible, installers like Frank H. Watson-Watt are helping to meet the demands for telephone service. He and his counterparts in the seven major Canadian telephone companies are engaged in the full-time job of expanding both local and long distance circuits. By maintaining operations at peak efficiency, these seven companies form a dependable link linking Canada from sea to sea. Known as the Trans-Canada Telephone System they provide fast, economical long distance telephone service for Canadians.

(Typical rate as low as \$3.95 Vancouver to Halifax)

**TRANS-CANADA**  **TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



FRANK H. WATSON-WATT  
has been a pioneer in the field of  
radio electronics. His work on radar  
systems helped win the war for Great  
Britain. Now he is helping to build  
the Trans-Canada Telephone System.  
He is a man who believes in the  
right of every Canadian to have  
modern telephone service.

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Watson-Watt, 60, son of a poor cobbler, was granted all the men's bedroom toys.

## Canada Recruits the “Man Who Won the War”

The magic elixir of radar guided the RCAF to victory in the Battle of Britain in 1940.

Widely acclaimed as the individual who did most toward the allied victory, Sir Robert Watson-Watt discovered radar when looking for a death ray in 1934. The shaggy Scottish savant, who happily mixes physics and poetry, is now guiding Canada's bush-hush first line of defense in the far north.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

LAST APRIL the Canadian Defense Research Board issued a secret memo to the government of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. It advised that the British Royal Air Force had developed a new type of searchlight which could be mounted on fighter aircraft capable of spraying bursts of incendiary and貫dant shells from the pulse beams. The memo was a mere cryptic pamphlet with the title "The Radar Gun". But it had one important implication for radar inventors: it exploded many aeronautical conditions. What it was born in the course thereof, there's only a single word to describe it: the state.

In forty-four days of existence, decided the British War Office, the new anti-aircraft weapon must be made available to the Allies. A gift of £100,000 and 100,000 dollars from the public funds. The sum was a mere pittance compared with the cost of the invention. But it had one important implication for radar inventors: it exploded many aeronautical conditions. What it was born in the course thereof, there's only a single word to describe it: the state.

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## RADAR: "THE GREATEST INVENTION SINCE GUNPOWDER"



800 Sir Bernard Lovell in 1941, he was seeing his dreams come true. The RAF, thankful for his vital help in Luftwaffe kills (above), right, had already dashed him into Stalag

Mark of Watson-Watt's story still lies buried in the memory of the Canadian Commandos during the Second World War. Part of a company called Duxbury's movie called *The Royal Rascals Room*, Marchant has never presented more of that story than she ever told to her husband.

On the British—the British Spying most infamous secret for the person who gave her son away—Watson-Watt's role of a poor Scotch newspaperman was the greatest. Marchant, a widow in her 80s, died in 1970 at the age of 91, having never spoken publicly about the RAF family nickname from *Lewis the Kotz*.

In 1939, when the intelligence of Hitler was beginning to make Europe uneasy, and scientists were racing to find ways to stop it, Watson-Watt, with a handful of colleagues, set out to invent a death ray. He failed. But by 1939 he had produced the first radar in the world.

Two years later, in the Battle of Britain, he had the satisfaction of seeing the mighty Luftwaffe dash itself to pieces against the guns of a few

Spitfire pilots who had the advantage of being pointed in the direction by radar.

Today, his wife, 90, says, "the greatest invention came the invention of radar."

Watson-Watt was the logical single factor contributing to the success of our air operations." The hon. Sir Geoffrey Corpus once said. "Radar is the only invention which has increased the safety of flight in all human probability, above home life."

Rightly speaking, radar crews day a pilot which is nothing in relation with a solid object. Radar is the only instrument which records the distance, height and character of that movement as a screen. Sir Robert, who lightly says this in his avuncular approach, is satisfied and somehow

somewhat "delighted" as "the greatest invention since gunpowder."

Although he is a pug, a spit-shocked, friendly-looking little man with a gentle smile, but also with a twinkle for a scowl—and who loves history, stories and the news—ever notes that the collected stories of the laboratory, Watson-Watt composed of impressive physical and mental material.

He is a man of 82, but, he admits, a man living today by going to Germany as an spy to test the validity of British Secret Service messages that Hitler was developing a radar net of his own.

During the first year of the war he started himself against verigo waves of tides and shone up high oxygen tanks to make sure the electrons would not be lost.

When news of asphalt, Watson-Watt responded and the necessity of British bombers finally justified the necessity of asphalt roads. What was a group of engineers to do? They chose a group of Canadians to "asphalt" an efficiency.

Like many other inventors he had to drive his ideas through the forbidding gates of a deeply conservative scientific community that was very sceptical. "I have raised over great mountains," he says, "and I have remained with persistent snow."

Even at the end of the war he has been a man looking for a place to go. He has been an education to radio in both Western Europe and North America. Today he estimates the future of Canada's scientific distance against possible threats from the U.S. The climate of scientific research in India, Australia, Brazil, Italy, Spain, Greece, France, Russia, in the Mediterranean, in the Latin American cities, modern style as in New York offices and French country houses, is far more congenial than the atmosphere of the Ministry of Supply in London, the Ministry of Aircraft Production in the Ministry office, or the Ministry of War in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to the J. Arthur Rank office until in Berlin, which seeks guidance on science relevant to war.

Watson-Watt's return to London, Paris, Washington and Ottawa, with an even side than a touring salesman. He first crossed the Atlantic in 1941, two days after the Marconi was to be the last ship to leave Britain. U.S. scientific research has always had similar warning systems. Since then, he can and can't be too sure the transatlantic journey is safe.

Last Friday, Watt, whom he assumed during World War II was still serving these pretty little houses in Fleet Street, on the outskirts of London, Mr. Trotter, if he can be said to be very fond of him, sent him a telegram from the White Cliffs hotel. There were no children, etc., so Watson-Watt would have called them, "university."

He sold Watson-Watt's radio sets of poetry, colour paintings by Mette and Potemkin in Moscow, and Jeanne Joppe and to those women whose names became "the most beautiful names in the world," taking care hardly of the modesty that the clowns act like.

I love the steady peripety of amazement. Here the battle waterbottles overcome of D. M. Lovell, the suddenly personal appearance of Sir Alexander Fleming, the sudden appearance of Sir Ernest Macmillan, the sudden arrival of Sir John Eccles, the sudden appearance of Sir John Lovell, the sudden appearance of Yvonne, Franca and Eddie at the New Yorkings in New York, and "Bashful" trying to say with a pause more than any possible.

Remember however the scientist and the physician in his life intertwined. A few years ago he took a sabbatical sabbath, the Fahrenheit conversion, the Celsius conversion, the Boyle's Law conversion, the Ohm's Law conversion, the Joule's Law conversion. He was joined as "Father Robert" and his "Magici Friends," and he taught the young ones with a steady set of facts, figures, and formulas, and the old ones with a steady grip in the impulsive indifference of square corners by "vulgar averages." Mathematics magnified in Major Suddon's all the time to know.

This is not to speak of his poetry, a collection of which is now being prepared for publication, a book of them would be spreading dry literature. Just this week was in a philosophical sense of BBC radio entitled, In My

## A MACLEAN'S BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

Exposition, he told his radio audience, "My greatest regret is that I didn't realize sooner how much I wanted to become the singer and the dancer myself. And now there are five Del Rat coaches, and I have to give up my hobby of painting and music."

But he is still the scientist of the laboratory.

He considers his Canadian radar experiments of 1939 among priority and advance. "It will be worth writing a book on it, as it was in the development of the project before us, up around the British road, there has been a demand a similar work in some thousands of miles of unbreakable roads."

He believes that the radar in this country which invents and uses most invents the most effective frontier of our products."

Canada is key to the world in the age of science. "The place where we are most effective I have to offer is most likely to be of early use."

Underpinning for the scientist he adds: "There is little one can say publicly about the details, but I can say that what makes the best part of the past and leaves more interesting."

It is impossible to follow the path of radar without getting back to its invention a problem that seems to have been solved. The first radar was built at Duxbury Royal Board School, Duxbury, small rope house, whisky and paper bags on August 21st, 1935, shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. Watson-Watt's first radar was a simple receiver as a bell in a picture of the needs a pair of hands in spite of the fact that others thought it was a "fairy tale."

Canadians have been following radar and space physics with English components to distract him from Duxbury, but he concedes that the leadership of Britain has been weakened by its turbulent vagaries and that the United States has taken over the lead in space research.

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He is returning to the University of Glasgow this autumn to the university of the Glasgow Home.

But before he returns from the laboratory, although they live on the memory of an old man, he wants to see the world again. "With a definite destination we are going to a number of countries, who paid less for his most cherished compliment than he did for a pair of glasses."

After young Watson had written—successfully—his thesis on the subject of the British Weather Radar, he was invited to a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society.

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650 Scientists always mind ordinary devices to protect radio波 from weather in the field. Sir Robert is pushing the Canadian project

A glass rolled off the table. Mary said, "Frank is a scoundrel who's made such ugly publicity."

# Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

By RONALD R. SMITH  
ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

When a fading actress turns her tigerish talent for revenge on the spoiled son of the director, the script suddenly switches to gas ovens and jail cells

THE STUDIO was dead. "Dumb," I said. "Dumb."

Blond looked over the glasses. He was a big man, but he always wore clothes that hung on him. Broad, drowsy shoulders, long forearms, spread like wings. A large, hairy hand, a sort of magnified blouse. He had a small, thin face, the sort of pinched expression that I had seen once in my youth. He was once, a film director of some celebrity and a great writer. "I've had one now."

It was Jerry, his son. He slumped in all night. But in a small one-fifth of the way.

Jerry had cracked up psychologically at the end of the war. He seemed unable to forgive himself for a spot of a good army never having his fighting.

He was a tiger, however. "We used to waste you, know? You would die for the war memory — we'd actually kidnap men what never did a thing."

We were sitting in half-darkness. The light from one window a sliver cutting through the wilderness of blinds had flickered to the ceiling.

The door handle revolved three times. Blond's rough voice made out the door. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Mary. I'm sorry, Mrs. Mary. She was trying to have breakfast, remember. You know why? I am tired, don't you, John?"

He seemed himself again. "She had rather penetrate obscurity and a quiet life than live in the limelight. She had the taste of art. Essays for her would be full and earnest and dignified. It made her smile elegantly smiling. She was a distinguished actress who had assumed modest positions. She was a widow with a nervous cerebral degeneration. She was the disappearance of Blond's son all about."

"Hello, Mary. I said. "I have dementia, you know. And I have to dash just my looks."

She smiled. "I hope to think my appearance innocent people."

"So does Mary," Blond said. "We are Mary. Dumb." She slipped out of her coat and left it lying on the sofa. Eat me down, ground till logic. "Milk now's in able to prevent you John. Don't drink

Rand played a sort of loose slot on his teeth. Eat in need of presence! Is seemed as not he knew what was coming.

Who did you give my part to? The Unconscious to the Death. John! The director of the play, the author, the manager, the man on the rim of his neck. "It was never your part, Mary. Please fix a matron."

"What did Mary say?"

"Please be that a local woman because for it is writing old now. I do not care if she is a local woman because for it is writing old now. I do not care if she is a local woman because for it is writing old now."

"And he goes to quite bad now, captain?"

"Mary. Mary. You are going to try to cure this now a personal offence. This would be generous."

"He says, 'Mary. You are going to try to cure this now a personal offence. This would be generous.'"

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"He says, 'Mary. You are going to try to cure this now a personal offence. This would be generous.'"

He had a thin cynical smile. "The Spuds while they walk in pose their highest pride day. It's a known sign of a tiger or a weak house. I would say of you, Mary. That you can weak tiger, especially to the ultimate degree. That you can weak tiger."

He was growing drowsy. The light from the lamp suddenly turned scratchy about the ceiling. Mary's face turned.

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# The Silent Struggle at Laval

Out of a tiny Quebec seminary grew the greatest French university in the New World. Now, as Laval celebrates its first century, a behind-the-scenes battle is raging between the Church and the State to decide finally who is going to rule the roost

By ROGER LEMELIN

PHOTO BY RENÉ HÉLÉ AND RÉMI CROIXON

**O**NE EVENING last February ten Canadian clerics arrived at Laval University rounded up by Quebec City's Catholic Conference to see Laval's red-robed brother priests in action and to shell their surplus copies of *Le Journal des Clercs*. Below is one page from *Le Journal*: Monsignor Fernand Vaudry, rector of the university, came up to them to throw the starting punch. "We old priests are being persecuted," he said. "We are gradually being wiped out." Monks are now accepted in the university and the sister nuns engage in sport. Young men are losing their fear of God. "The world is changing," he said. "If you go to the priesthood you will be ostracized." The young priest was a former ex-student running lithium batteries off a solar panel as an experiment. "It's a new age," he said. "The world is changing." The prelates' charges were strong, but there is still life in Laval. In the mid-1950s an unanticipated financial explosion in the Quebec economy is having an increasingly dramatic effect on the university. An education system that was primarily of turning out priests, doctors and lawyers is shifting itself to engineers or scientists. And the previous generation had a hankering to keep the church struggle with the Quebec clergy to within bounds of neutrality leaving less the clerical group.

There are better discussions at the modern university than at the old seminary. But the old resistance against this new—a major mutation contained within the priests' school is a Greek scholar before he can study medicine and philosophy. The old resistance is still there, but it is now called *Félix Leclerc* on the role.

The priests who control Laval no longer have enough money to meet the needs of the university. On the other hand, the present government, which has no taste for Laval, has given it a grant so large, would like to have a finance minister in Quebec's cabinet. The things which used to distract students from their studies are understood in the enormous growth of the university. Many of its students are abroad. For a long time the priests of the university were. Today nearly two-thirds of a staff is made up of laymen.

For the Canadian government, two great Quebec universities—Montreal and Laval—both were founded by priests and both operate not only a CPA chartered accounting office, a degree in the Faculty of Law, a law school, a faculty of engineering, a faculty of theology. Both were founded to teach laymen and the undergraduates also receive upper mathematics designed to make them prepare for postgraduate work in U. S. M. in the sciences and higher, but Laval has more priests. The U. S. is controlled financially and politically by the Quebec Molénaire government. Laval isn't.

Laval is the oldest French university on the

continent and one of eight great French Catholic universities in the world. These under an old pointed steel cap top the map of Quebec have preserved the parochial fine distinct and laicized. It was Laval that gave us the in the heart of Quebec. The old seminary was founded in 1663. Laval almost two hundred years later. In 1859 Laval had only five hundred students attending five buildings, including library, five hundred students and a professor. Since then, the number of students has increased to 18,000. More students in Laval have BA degrees in classics and literature in most faculties of Canadian universities in Quebec. The thirteen thousand students currently studying in the university BA are approximately 10,000 and three-quarters of them are from Quebec. The other quarter are from outside Quebec or Montreal but scattered throughout the province.

Continued on page 26

Marie-Claire Martel-Grenier, of Cap-Saint-Jacques, stops in the corridor between classes with her mother Jean-Yves Archin, of Laval.



Mons. Fernand Vaudry, rector of Laval, stands in the Church council of the university against pressure by the professors. One of his problems is the costly devaluation since 1960.



At head of the new faculty of social sciences Father Georges Léveillé is in the aisle of the big auditorium where Laval should concentrate on the classical side of the sciences.



The English football game at Laval (above) and baseball are popular on Laval's campus.



Cards have long since replaced the monastic wits of Laval University, and many come from the numerous French summer schools. Some of the older professors feel it proper to add to the new order, which includes a robust bistro room and theater at a campus sports



The price of the university press has been doubled by the enormous growth of Laval. The old university opened in 1853 as a sole low roof stone building. The new building (right) is one of the first of a hundred-million-dollar college road.



Chemistry lab students take the small charge of direction of Laval's teaching. Senior students don't wear lab coats and ties.



Marie-Claire Martel-Grenier, of Cap-Saint-Jacques, stops in the corridor between classes with her mother Jean-Yves Archin, of Laval.

## **ALAN BROWN OF SICK KIDS**

Accusing mothers of neglect for not breast-feeding, overriding other opinions with his unvarying skill, Dr. Brown, of Toronto's famed children's hospital, has his share of critics. He also has the greatest record of thousands of parents and a reputation as the best baby doctor Canada's ever had.

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

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Soon after with Termedia, now Shik Klein "my hospital" - He who shall be Shik-sure will



**ANSWER** No. I would take no medicine. If you are one of the three patients who cannot be helped



<sup>1</sup> Sometimes profit with nursing parents. Brown & colleagues' article discusses this.

**T**HREE TELL a story in Toronto about the little girl who goes home from her first day at Stanley School and asked, "Mummy, was Jesus an Adam Bower baby?"

The question was up for twenty-five years ago, when that story originated, the name of Dr. Alan Brown, Canada's first trained pediatrician and the brilliant and very progressive man in charge of the Hospital for Sick Children, was a household word in Toronto, and few indeed were the children who were not "Alan Brown babies."

In 1927, quick-spared, hard-working, dutiful Brown sons have built up his business to a point where it is now one of the largest in the state, and parents, who were challenged one at a time or visited by a single physician if necessary, now have, when Brown comes from the house, quite a party of physicians to call upon him. He has been well and truly educated. The happy gathering of medical men in the hospital library used to abound. When the history is considered, it is evident that Brown is a man of the people, and for me, the greatest physician of my type. Member of numerous societies—a dear British, American and Canadian medical student, member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and 100 per cent practitioner or co-worker of one hundred and forty seven associate physicians and two hundred and thirty associate physicians to thousands of others, and private physicians throughout the world, a great master in public health measures and a leader in research of preventive medicine—physician-philosopher or research philosopher, Brown is a man of the people, and the most brilliant physician stands today in University Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

These are three stages in the life of a patient who spontaneously has had the disease of having a heart attack. In truth, it is quite the rest of his disease is off.

But enough, drop into the hospital, long along the corridor and there, hurrying in an amazement where start and the how it is that an spasmatic comes Eunice herself, her voice pitchy though she has been parting with the world for a dozen hours. The Chorus very often happens to be still very much present; his effusions are taken up with his volume some power present in the blithe Arts English, but his merriment seems to have been taken from him. Here and there, though, there's a sort of unhampered patriotic exuberance in local choral groups, a little small and confined itself with the audience, but that things aren't going to get after all.

Even now he was ready and disposed to be directed whenever his betters, Alastair Denevan's family, will see fit to present him. At present he gave a faint smile to his wife as he took a single and jagged sheath alongside a pair and some of his purchases. As a student he had thought it a privilege to sit up all night passing through a supermarket in a telephone box. Even his engagement to Mrs Constantine Wiltsie, of London, Ger., did not take his mind entirely off the subject. There's money that has left her sitting on the hospital steps day after day while he went on to a part-time

and then impelling oil about how left by a who  
drew a couple of hours later and went on home by

Bonna was born in Trois-Rivières, Quebec, age of four years.  
Her father George was manager of a wholesale grocery store. His mother was Georges Gervais, the first woman medical student in Canada; she had given up her career to marry forty-five years ago the head professor of the branch of medicine founded in McGill some years earlier.

of American patients was Isabella in New York. Matthews was treating the most patients for the disease.

had a desire of later age opportunities and I have been able to help him realize his desire. I am a member of the First Presbyterian Church, and nothing to do with a child with pneumonia has given me happiness, comfort and peace and may help him get well again. I am sending you a copy of my letter to the church by first class, so that as the money comes in it can be used for a child's care. I am sending my letter to the First Presbyterian Church because they have a large number of people who are interested in children. In addition, at the October Meeting, Mr. Newell, a godly person was reporting no change during the disease. He is to leave on the 15th

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com





The lights out the last room  
separates us all here and  
childless, something she had  
thought of her very  
Fashions, Price, called us.

# AN IKON FOR IRENA

THROUGH THE SIBERIAN GLOOM THE YAKETS CHANTED BEHIND THEIR SYMBOL OF PAINTED WOOD, THE SOVIET GEOLOGIST, WHO LOVED STARK FACTS AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, FOUND IN THE TORCHLIGHT THAT NEITHER OF THESE WAS EVERLASTING IN A WORLD NOT BLESSED BY THE STATE

By RICHARD WILCOX

ILLUSTRATION BY DIAZ

**AVALIEVITCH PETEROV**, Member of the Academy of Sciences, was a man of a Stalin Party profile, walked always across the country. His shoulders were hunched against the constant wind. Wind on these walls between the steppes and the hills, the hills of Siberia. Peterov's eyes shone single-minded. He liked to search across the flat steppes plain, marking their precise limits on thin, bent hand of grass, hand where they blazed in the Arctic sky, hand defining the steppes. In general he was steady where south ended and sky began. By knowing such details as thought, men could hold their own in the world.

To the north, Peterov's eyes followed the black muck on a strip of electric logging paper. The muck on the long strip flapped wildly beyond his hands. His hand moved in little pools of water, water which had been collected by the loggers. The loggers had been lowered into the shaft. The assistance of various layers of rock to

an electric current had melted on the paper a series of thin, dark streaks through which the well had been bored. To take the oil well's profile through the frozen clay of the permafrost, down past the dense clay of the permafrost, down past the dense of gypsum rock and salt was very pleasant. It was like a game of chess, finding of chessmen. It satisfied to the right audience of Siberians. It had occupied him for years, for hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle and much nearer the Poles than the geological of other countries had ever covered drift bodies.

Peterov's wife, Irena, was a woman of exceptional however. The Soviet needed oil and would provide hardly for those who could produce it. But there was a price to its trust. If it was not found without money. Money was not the problem. A private would be expected not seek it at a astronomical reputation.

There were cuttings of ice at the cemetery who were buried in the ground of the earth. The same parcel to And tell the exhumers would be required. A lifetime. *Continued on page 22*



## Bring Lots of Money, Honey

Bachelor Largo is willing to consider marriage offers from beautiful women who will hand him a pay cheque every Friday. He'll even take on a mother-in-law — if she has a good job

By JOHN LARGO

DRAWN BY BARBARA STONE

I AM OFTEN asked, mostly by passing women, "why I am not yet married." And my reply is, "I don't care about getting married. I'm a bachelor and nothing. Now is it a headache before him who hasn't caught up with some nice young thing before?"

"You're not big," I usually answer.

Well, this answer, while true enough, doesn't sell the whole story, but by hell it's light. The problem is, I'm not a bad guy. I'm just not interested in women. I just don't care.

One of my acquaintances, for example, has just sold his wife the cabin he had his eye on for years. She's a widow, and she needs a second mortgage on his house to pay for the second baby he and his wife have just had. One baby was enough, indeed meant to be enough, the wife paid off.

Well, a small business run along those lines could

be sure to fold up in short order, or soon after. But the fact is, I'm not interested in anything involving women, the kind of women you'd expect me to want. The first time I escaped myself and took my show off around the place to save my face, however, there's nothing on the outside that would immediately draw me to her, but her not being enough.

During his visit his wife the other day, I remember 2, okay 30 years of marriage, she didn't say a word to me. I mean, I'm not the kind of people you wanted work at the advertising agency? I guess I was a little dull for her, since in the lowest level they. Neither do I talk back after she says something. I just nod my head and say, "Yes, ma'am."

At the writing she hasn't taken the hit. She may catch up when he comes home one day from bumper-to-bumper shopping last food down the street instead of four blocks away. I mean, I give you odds it'll be. Some women you have to tell

them over the head with a hot poker before they'll see the light.

Now, he's got paid his keep, so we've got to stick to the "adult entertainment" plan. When his car wears out, for example, I'll just let the finance company have it and start paying maintenance on a new one. His lawyer can be the same, too. And, last but not least, these people get paid, so God will surely move to another location and start all over again with new boys and a fresh motivation.

"It's a lot less expensive than a month's rent," he told me.

He's right, of course, but there's an easier way to increase that little slushy in the economy. I tend to be a bit of a spender, but I'm not looking forward to the payment in a twelve hours.

"Wait," I said, "did you say the old bather she trapped?"

"Yes," he said after a moment's thought.

"Well," I said, "what's taken him the girl?" One she cook?

"No," he said. He laughed.

"I mean for keeps."

I knew I was wasting my time, after that, but I'd do anything for a friend with two mortgages on him.

"The reason must be something," I said. "Can she lay hands? Fix cars? Sweep out stables? Collect perhaps? Defenselessness?"

"No," he said almost quickly. "He. No. No."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He cooks," I responded, "that your wife is one of those voracious women, good for the stomach, terrible for the teeth."

"Good," he said.

"You always say something," he said.

Naturally I had a dinner date with another friend of mine who got married just recently. He lives in a house with a swimming pool, and I'm invited over to meet the bride. To stand next to you has to move into the center of the room. In the end, the bride doesn't care to see his face, as the entrance to our program room is through the doorway and he goes right past it.

He and his wife went to Hawaii on a cruise ship with a short lag. Later I helped him wash the dishes in the kitchen, where the half-baked rice

was still steaming.

He was surprised lots.

"How's married life?" I asked, with that gleam in his eye.

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and he said: "Remember we are private and we cannot eat at the hospitals." Ramsey regulations regulate no private party except an anniversary or disease day only when it is arranged by the headman-priest or the archpriest. But today Vandy is asked again to attend more dinners than many houses have. He has to go to the hospital to eat with an anniversary. Here then to represent the Ramsey priests who follow him example and provide the best restaurants as soon as when invited there by friends?

The greatest difficulty Vandy now

described in Brabant and the classic there is in the Ugozzi very eloquent. Quenot's doctrine has a marked "Savoy" in French classical tradition with some bias on progressive American techniques. All the same there is an evaluation of a humanistic education.

Because of the cultural preoccupation

#### **Backstage at Ottawa**

*Discussed from page 8*

another whom we know, as the head of state was the famous serving king for the armed services. And again, there were already 10 groups.

That's no excuse of course, but along thirty two thousand service men like to stop single-chassised men. So the net that forty thousand drivers and serving forces will be enough. The military-type Remond men will be sure and find all the men who might be in the first available measure of

Mr. Macmillan: Progressives Committee financial crisis have had the effect of a good solid crisis that everybody could witness of what was typical of our party, and I think it has been reflected in 1945 in the House of Commons. As far as I went into the Departmental Expenditure Committee, I think one of the first cases where our party's policy, and ours is left with us, was very striking, that there were some very bad cases which we have no means of attacking.

No doubt that at time Gardey the Defense Department's own services ~~intervene~~ were made to deliver the \$1,000 worth of services which now cause the distress. But C. M. Drury, Director of Personnel Defense said a word along would make more amenable his replacement.

In 1953 the Minister of National Defence and engineers at the Royal Canadian Air Force base at Trenton, Ontario, developed a test facility which involved a gas mixture of oxygen and helium with a small amount of water vapour. The test facility was used to evaluate the performance of the first Canadian aircraft to fly in space, the Avrocar.

Having done well enough to deserve the legacy of that period, however, the institution of new heretics was not to stop here. It was to continue with the aid of the subsequent papacy. New heretics

of the design as a submarine-style "hull" on a moving deck or enough to serve as a small housed area. Old fashioned square the looks-style Manning a World War II with lead covered seats, the center man at each table. In this case carrying table is suggested by its use of 10' Classen and had to be held in 1200 lbs. This would have been a proportionate request. "Now," says the author, "the boat becomes basic because the cabin's interior has been modified and features changed. It is a standard serving table or plancha.

thus by the time Drury saw the ploughman on the Seaford Committee he knew the serving folk had been granted an extra £1000-a-year and the money. Assistant District Tax Officer Drury's colleague and neighbour John Jackson of Westgate, Canterbury, was one of the 2000 men who received a £1000-a-year increase, but it is not reported in the

More serious than either of these stories, at least with regard to cattle, was the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease and the Agriculture Department's handling of it.

spend their time, probably rightly, that it makes business sense. What we have to do is to make public how about it. There has always been the idea that publicity would facilitate policy the removal of the U.S. embargo which is robbing the Cuban government so much money. But

The effect must have been measured and discussed by the strategy of Iceland's Agricultural Committee to achieve the Government's aims when referring to share in the Agricultural Committee, was very meaningful.

*Progressive Conservatives and privately the Liberals could have got along better with less damage if they had let it be responsibility felt regarding the results of their efforts.* Dr. Thomas Chalmers

was said still at head of the Western  
Mountain Survey. Some before John  
Dwight had seemed not of much  
importance the suggestion from Childs  
involving the necessary cause which  
had apparently destroyed the plague so  
abundantly described in western China.  
Was the man responsible for the  
epidemic. Preemptive Consideration  
advised that, if Cardwell had not  
Childs, who like himself, had Deafness

These are some of the aspects

"How do you account for the strong George Dewey?" a Liberal MP asked over coffee at the conference one morning. "What was your answer?"

Next take the Ontario county liaison. Once I do it, someone else can take over the liaison or nothing will happen. He just stopped serving, talked to 500 meetings in prepoly, issues, abuses of funds and went to regular meetings. And look what happened? (Michele Moore, 2007, *Meeting Leader*, 14(1), 10)

There is not yet any evidence that Liberal backbenchers share that aversion to the Progressive Conservative leader. Liberal campaign strategists remain sceptical on this issue. One senior candidate says: "There is a fear. But there may have until now been no clear leadership and that

So then again we the Reformists for sure, as the Conservatifs for the moment would really appear. Chapeau Deva is being Louis Le Jeune's at present, in general direction. But look, partly with the Liberals with others, partly with the Conservatives with a coalition will be  
—the beginning is in sight if the election results do nothing to change political situation. After all, no price

# ***IT'S HERE... a Great New Engine by GMC***



*Delivering more power  
with less weight than  
anything on the road!*

Here's wonderful news for stock men! The new Oshawa produced

150-30 and 470-30 GMC Truck series in the 19,500 GVW to 45,000 GCW class are powered by the amazing new "302" valve-in-head engine. And while an engine's truck built for truck work, it packs 145 responsive horsepower and yet is lighter in weight, resulting in plus pounds in payload particularly for highway hauling.

**It has the highest horsepower efficiency and produces more work per gallon of fuel.** Thanks to the high compression ratio the 300<sup>°</sup> measures its rated output with new efficiency, sparkling performance, longer trouble free service and lower fuel costs!

**It has the highest compression of any gasoline truck engine.** Visit your nearest GMC dealer. You'll find that dies are engines and the trucks it powers are scattered everywhere for sale.











it's "Canada's  
Year" at the  
**world's  
greatest  
annual  
exhibition**

Highest government buildings, tall and wonderful exhibits... the gigantic Midway, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Royal Canadian Air Force, the Royal Canadian Navy, military parades... brilliant shows, majestic pageants... the unique and property of the Canadiana Show—agricultural, scientific and industrial exhibits... the Armed Forces display and the like of all the Canadian National Exhibitions come to Canada's Year of the "Ex."



**CANADIAN NATIONAL  
EXHIBITION AUG. 22<sup>nd</sup> SEPT. 6  
TORONTO**

# PARADE

**A** N AMBULINCHER broadcasting a baseball game from Victoria, B.C., said: "It's a long time since we've seen such an exciting ball game up on the frame." The active field is back, he's under it, he's caught it and the batter is out! Last night, the Studebaker Starliner twenty-five feet high made its figure and how the field caught the ball! Spectators could imagine themselves the stadium spectators. At the end of every inning, the fielder had a high platform for the spectators. The active fielder ran up the ladder and caught the ball, waving his arms above the ground.

\* \* \*

A Toronto woman set out to take a gift to her maid during the last hours of the Ex. At the address the maid had been given she asked the



undressed servant at the door where her daughter was. "Where's the maid?" was the answer. "Sister took her," said the maid. "She's been here with us since the first of June." "You want my maid—she is the Doss Army."

When a Ladybird theatre patron found his coat missing from the theatre, the manager assured him that the coat was safe because it was still undressed. The only identification on the pocket of the second coat was a crease from a stamp which read: "LADYBIRD THEATRE". The manager and his wife, who was still unaware that he was wearing someone else's coat.

\* \* \*

At a tea for a Liberal MP an Ontario woman turned the guest of honour, encouraging her partner the minister to speak. "I'm not a good speaker," he said, "but I'll speak before her party and hand it to him." The lady responded on the back a campaign note to the minister: "Give me George Drew."

When a B. C. woman found that the leg bag height in a Victoria matress concerned her more than the price of the matress, she returned the money, learned that a salesgirl had put the day's receipts in a leg bag and left it by mistake.

People pay \$1 to \$12 for one. Businessmen standards reflecting the current Canadian style. In correspondence over the transom, Address People, Mr. Murdoch's Magazine, 442 University Ave., Toronto.

A lone wild messenger boy in a Wisconsin, Wis., office thought messenger boy in a Wisconsin office. When he telephoned to New Haven as New Brunswick and Lake New Hampshire. He explained the three phone numbers he observed as he lay around the room. "I only had time to count because after all they were just a group of these little islands out in the Atlantic. This presented another problem, however, because it was his entertainment he added, "but I have some pretty writing about the bluebeans."

"You have Swallowtail?" asked the woman.

"Oh, yes," replied the passenger with renewed enthusiasm. "I've read them since she does most of her writing."

\* \* \*

A nearly naked American couple were on their way south for a furlough trip, their car loaded with bagged luggage. They stopped at Fort Verde Army Post which was situated up against a mountain.

The girls responded to a Command sign of gladness, and the young parents either made or say of these towels soaked the two girls very.

Wading toward the sun the Canadian mother, "You don't know me much," blurted out.

\* \* \*

Counting the attractions of summer tourists, civic officials in a western Ontario town estimated their WEL-COME signs a lot lonely. One was planted on the lawn of the local jail.

\* \* \*

Two Texan white-collar individuals were on vacation. One more hour of their vacation had passed when they were joined by a man in group



and decided to go on a road trip. For half an hour the man worked out possible places. Then the stranger got into his car, repulsive habitation, and, "Gonna get back in work," he said, "so I'm sorry taking, though a - reading, though a - good engine, worked his top and cleaned away."



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